

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



REAPPEARANCE OF MR. RAE BURN.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

III.

"IS he stirring yet?" asked Miss Carson, in a low voice, as she came into the parlour where Charlotte was laying the breakfast.

"No, mem," replied Charlotte, in the same low key. "I don't think you need disturb yourself; he won't be likely to be stirring again just yet, I'm thinking."

"Why? What do you mean?" gasped Miss Carson, over whom Charlotte's sayings, accompanied, as they frequently were, by mysterious nods and intonations, often exercised an uncomfortable influence. "You don't think—"

"Oh no, mem; I only mean he'll most likely take some time to sleep it off."

"Disgusting!" murmured Miss Carson, nearly upsetting the sugar in her rekindling indignation.

Nellie Norris, all-unconscious of the troubles

around her, slept tranquilly till past nine. Then, while breakfast was going on below, she donned her pretty grey morning dress, finished off the collar with a knot of pink ribbon, and tripped downstairs, fresh and smiling. They breakfasted in the parlour, but Nellie entered the dining-room, intending to give her flowers some water; and Miss Carson presently found her there examining, with great curiosity, the luckless umbrella her quick eyes had espied in the corner of the passage near the dining-room door.

Now Miss Carson had complimented Charlotte warmly on her discreet silence. All the same, she dreaded the task of explaining the uncomfortable state of things; for if Charlotte were dimly conscious of the pain it would give Miss Norris, Miss Carson (no longer attempting to deceive herself now that she recognised the necessity for breaking the friendly tie between themselves and Mr. Raeburn) suddenly appeared to know it also. We all know how quick sympathies and real affection will enable one person to gauge the feelings of another; and, knowing this, "It was rather fortunate," she told herself, "that Nellie had seen the umbrella." Of course she would easily guess the rest. So she dashed into the unpalatable subject at once.

"My dear Nellie, I don't know when I have been so shocked; I could scarcely have believed it of him. Could you?"

"Believe what, dear?" said Nellie, serenely.

And this, to Miss Carson's way of thinking, unaccountable obtuseness caused her to answer explicitly and with some warmth, for her stock of patience was apt to be limited at times.

"What? Why Mr. Raeburn's shameful conduct. Staying out till past midnight, and then coming home intoxicated. Yes, Nellie, intoxicated!" ("There," thought she, penitently, "I did not mean to have it out quite so sharply, but she knows it now.")

"Impossible!" said Nellie, standing in a dazed kind of way, with the disabled umbrella still in her grasp, and all the colour fading slowly out of her cheeks. "Impossible! you must be dreaming!"

"Dreaming!" retorted Miss Carson, battling with the irritation caused by this flat contradiction. "Dreaming! Upon my word, my dear, you are very polite, but allow me to tell you I am not in the habit of dreaming at all; and if I were, the last thing I should think of dreaming about would be Mr. Raeburn as I saw him last night—Mr. Raeburn with his coat muddy and his hat out of all shape. Oh, Nellie!" continued Miss Carson, suddenly giving way to grief, and sobbing—"oh, Nellie! if you only knew the night we passed—Charlotte and I—expecting every minute to have the house burnt over our heads, or to hear him falling about, or some such dreadful thing; and it is so disgraceful to the house." Here, touched on a tender point, Miss Carson fairly wept, and instead of consoling Nellie, as she had anticipated, it was she who clung to Nellie for consolation.

"I cannot understand it," murmured the latter, and though she said no more, her silence proceeded from no lack of sympathy, as her pale face and the tears slowly gathering in her dark eyes plainly showed.

"It is clear enough to me," said Miss Carson, wiping her eyes, and speaking in her usual tone of conviction. "He went to the races, as he said, to have a look; got into bad company; drank more than

was good for him, and, I dare say, was robbed of his watch and drawn into a fight, or something of the sort. Look at the umbrella you are holding; that is enough to tell the whole tale."

"Ah, but," said Nellie, eagerly now, "this is not his umbrella at all."

It was now Miss Carson's turn to look bewildered. "Not—his—umbrella!" she echoed. "Nellie, what does this mean? Surely, surely it is not possible—that is, I could never, do you think—I could never have—let in the wrong man!"

"No," said Nellie, with a sad smile; "no; I do not think so; he went to the right room, did he not?"

"No proof at all, my dear. That kind of people," asserted Miss Carson, somewhat vaguely, "always have their wits about them. His door was open and his candle was lit, and there was nothing for him to do but to walk in."

"I am afraid it is not very likely he will prove a stranger," said Nellie, with a sigh.

"Afraid, my dear—afraid it's not likely; I am only afraid it is likely!"

Here Miss Carson touched the bell vigorously. The previous trouble was bad enough, but this new aspect of affairs was alarming. Mr. Raeburn's dereliction from the path of duty assumed less magnitude when confronted with the monstrous idea of a total stranger sleeping off the fumes of intoxication in her spare bed—if, indeed, he had not ransacked the house before now and made his escape. "Charlotte," she said, breathlessly, "bring the plate-basket here as quickly as you can, and look together the rest of the silver; we let a *strange man* in last night I do believe. Now lose no time, girl, but do as I bid you."

With eyes like saucers, and perplexity on her ruddy countenance, the wondering Charlotte vanished.

Miss Carson turned to Nellie. "Tell me, my dear, what do you advise; shall we send for the police?"

But Nellie, less impulsive, would not counsel such extreme measures. "If Mr. Raeburn came home—as you say," and a great lump in her throat made the clear voice husky and indistinct, "it would not be strange, would it, if he brought home the wrong umbrella. And if he is not upstairs, what can have become of him?"

A dead silence followed this natural question, broken first by the entrance of Charlotte with the silver, and secondly by the rumbling of wheels, a rumbling which ceased suddenly at the gate. Hastening to the window, they were in time to see a cab draw up, and to recognise in the gentleman who descended therefrom Mr. Raeburn!

IV.

Yes, Mr. Raeburn it certainly was; Mr. Raeburn with garments innocent of mud or trace of disorder; with glossy hat, with polished boots, and, last but not least, with his pet umbrella rolled neatly till its slim proportions almost equalled those of a walking-stick. Mr. Raeburn looking, as Charlotte admiringly murmured, rushing to the door, "as if he had come out of a bandbox instead of a fly."

"Good morning, ladies," he cried, gaily, as he entered the room where they stood in speechless surprise at this unexpected solution of Nellie's problem. "Very careless of me, was it not? I suspect I shall not hear the last of it for some time, eh, Miss

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Carson? But you had my telegram, so were not anxious, of course."

"Telegram! we had no telegram," said Miss Carson, feebly; "we—we thought you were upstairs in bed."

"No telegram?" repeated Mr. Raeburn, heedless of this last bit of information in his surprise at the first. "How's that? I telegraphed to you from Portsmouth last night at ten past nine."

"From Portsmouth!" cried his auditors, in a breath.

"Certainly, I did not care to go on the hill to the races, you know. Instead of that, I thought I would have an hour on the steamer. Very foolishly, I stepped on the wrong boat—the one that goes round the Isle of Wight, you know—and was not made aware of my mistake till we had passed Worthing. There was nothing for it but to go on to Portsmouth, and when we arrived the last train for Brighton had already gone. I relieved my mind by sending you the telegram, which you ought to have received shortly after nine. I put up at a comfortable hotel near the station, and came home by the second train this morning. Moral: Never take a trip in a steamer without finding out whether she's bound. I am afraid, however," continued Mr. Raeburn, more seriously, "I have caused you more anxiety than I supposed—imagining, as I did, you knew my whereabouts."

"It is not only that," began Miss Carson—"it is not only that, we thought you were safe in your room, but now we don't know what he is, nor who we've got, nor even if he's there at all."

Mr. Raeburn looked at the lady as if he had slight doubts of her sanity. Her words, from beginning to end, were perfectly unintelligible to him. Nor was he much enlightened when a bumping noise was heard overhead, and Charlotte cried, triumphantly, "There, mem, we've got him safe enough at all events. He's getting up, the wretch!" Charlotte had found this a convenient season for dusting the sideboard, which business had detained her in the room.

"What has happened?" asked Mr. Raeburn. "Have you a visitor?"

"Let me explain," said Miss Carson, her courage returning with the remembrance that they were no longer without a man in the house to protect them, if need be, from the unknown lodger, and feeling that matters were come to a crisis. "Charlotte, go down stairs, and be ready to run for the police if wanted. Stand on the landing, and let us know when the—the man appears." And when Charlotte had departed on this errand, Miss Carson cleared her throat and told her story, winding up with many expressions of regret that she should ever have supposed Mr. Raeburn capable of such conduct. "He was about your height," she said, "and he wore his moustache as you do; his hand concealed the lower part of his face, and his eyes on entering were hidden by his hat; and, of course, the light was dim, and his back was towards me as he went upstairs. At the same time, I shall always feel I have done you an injustice."

"Did you believe it?" whispered Mr. Raeburn to Nellie Norris; but Nellie's answer was lost in the sudden outcry made by Charlotte, who bounced in with scant ceremony to announce that "the man" had opened his door.

Miss Carson rose in a flutter.

"Allow me," said Mr. Raeburn, "to spare you

the annoyance of confronting the intruder. It will be making but slight amends for having caused you so much worry by my carelessness."

"I really should be obliged," said the lady, greatly relieved. "If you can only persuade the man to leave the house quietly, I shall be most thankful."

Mr. Raeburn's smile was reassuring. "I don't apprehend much difficulty," he remarked, and walked leisurely into the hall. Three pairs of eyes were instantly at the chink of the dining-room door, for even Miss Carson forgot her dignity in a natural curiosity to see the stranger whom she had unwittingly entertained, and even Miss Carson felt her features relax in a grim smile, as the object of so much alarm came, with hesitating steps, down the stairs, apparently not at all encouraged by the sight of the self-possessed, shrewd-looking gentleman standing at the bottom.

"Well, sir, and may I ask what you are doing in this house?" demanded the latter.

And thereupon the stranger began to speak, but in such a mumbling, shame-faced fashion that half was lost by the three eager listeners. "It was an awful mistake, nothing else; and he was awfully sorry. But how was a fellow to know one house from another on a dark night, when the fools of builders made a row of 'em all as like each other as two peas?"

"You live in Vernon Road, then? Excuse me, I should scarcely have supposed you a resident of this part," said Mr. Raeburn, letting his eye travel pitilessly from the unknown's muddy coat to his muddier boots, and thence to the fractured hat, with which the owner's restless hands were fumbling.

"I'm staying here," answered the other, gruffly, and visibly flushing under the scrutiny. "I'm lodging at number nine; my name's Mr. Peter Browning, and I'm a respectable man, though you seem to doubt it."

"I should not think of doubting your word," replied Mr. Raeburn, bowing gravely, "but I am obliged to you for the information."

"The fact is," said Mr. Peter Browning, waxing confidential, "I got into a bit of a scrimmage last night with some fellows—regular sharpers, sir—and I being one and they being many, I got rather the worst of it."

"I should advise you, Mr. Browning, as a respectable man, to shun the society of sharpers in future; and I would suggest that you take the earliest opportunity of writing an apology to the lady of the house for the annoyance your intrusion has caused her."

"As to that," said Mr. Peter Browning, getting very red again, "I wondered myself that she let me in."

Mr. Raeburn did not think it necessary to hear this last remark; he had no desire to explain that Mr. Browning had been mistaken for himself.

His silence allowed Mr. Browning to continue his explanation. "I was in such a fluster that I did not discover my mistake for some time, and then thought it no use disturbing the people again till the morning."

Mr. Raeburn could hardly keep from laughing, but maintained the show of virtuous indignation. So he closed the conference by producing the wounded umbrella, and, having restored it, he waved his hand suggestively to the street-door, and wished the owner a very good morning.

"Let us see whether he goes to nine," said Nellie.
 "Yes, he is turning in at the gate. I suppose then his story is true. That is a comfort."

"And I do hope and trust," sighed Miss Carson, "that the Higginses were not at their windows; and that Mrs. Robinson did not see him go out. How sad to see a young man in such a position."

I may as well, perhaps, mention here that Mr. Peter Browning had the grace to call in the course of the week, and apologise to Miss Carson for his share in the blunder. And that good lady, much mollified, readily forgave him, and moreover seized the opportunity to speak a word of advice, which, let us hope, was not thrown away. Charlotte was heard to declare after this that she did not so much wonder now that her mistress had been deceived, "for he was uncommon like Mr. Raeburn, and would be as handsome too, if his face wasn't so red and blotchy. He looked, she was sure, quite the gent." How much Charlotte's change of opinion was due to the five shillings slipped into her hand as a reward for her extra trouble, cannot be said, but Miss Norris, who had no such inducement to modify hers, allowed that he was a respectable-looking man enough. As for his gentlemanly appearance, she declined to admit that, which would have considerably mortified Mr. Peter Browning could he have known it, since his bran new billycock, his plaid suit, and his lemon-coloured gloves, and his new umbrella were specially intended to counteract the effect of his previous dilapidated condition.

"There is one thing I cannot quite make out," said Mr. Raeburn, a little later in the day, when they were quietly talking over his impromptu trip, "and that is the fate of my telegram."

"I think I can," said Nellie, with an alacrity that suggested the amount of private consideration she had devoted to the subject. "Are you sure you addressed it right?"

"Of course I did—seven, Vernon Road, Preston."

"Preston, Brighton? Depend upon it your message went to Preston, in Lancashire, and puzzled some telegraph boy there!"

It all happened years ago; Mr. Raeburn is now an Inspector of schools, a prosperous and happy man. He and Nellie—Norris no more, but Mrs. Walter Raeburn—and Aunt Carson have had many a hearty laugh over what they call their "Chapter of Accidents."

UTOPIAS, OR SCHEMES OF SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT.

BY THE REV. M. KAUFMANN, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SOCIALISM: ITS NATURE, ITS DANGERS, AND ITS REMEDIES CONSIDERED."

V.—FOURIER AND THE PHALANSTÈRE.

AMONG the curiosities in the history of Utopias the fact may be mentioned that the three founders of Modern Socialism—Babeuf, St. Simon, and Fourier—were imprisoned almost at the same time by the revolutionary tribunals during the Reign of Terror. Two of these have been noticed already, the third will form the subject of the present paper.

Fourier, whose societary theories have exercised a powerful influence on the social reforms and socialistic tendencies of our own days, was born at Besançon, in 1772, and, being the son of a woollen-

draper, was destined in early life to follow his father's calling. When deprived of a not inconsiderable fortune during the Revolution, he became an assistant in a house of business. This position he occupied during greater part of his life, and in it he found time and leisure for scientific and literary studies and the gradual development of his social schemes.

Thus, whilst the Count of St. Simon, poor and neglected, was brooding over his theory of social regeneration in a corner of Paris, a shopkeeper's assistant in the south of France was pondering over like social problems under similar conditions of obscure indigence. And thus it happened that when St. Simonism collapsed, after dazzling the world like a splendid meteor for two short years, Fourierism took its place, and preserved the continuity of the social movement.

The only indication of talent and future fame we have in the record of Fourier's boyhood are the composition of a poem on the death of a pastry-cook, and the acquisition of some prizes in school, which attracted the attention of the authorities at the time.

Two incidents are mentioned among the anecdotes of his early life which seem to have produced the bent of character and tendency of mind which influenced all his later productions—namely, an utter contempt for the mean expedients of the *bourgeoisie*, to which he belonged, and the unqualified dislike of the principles of mercantile morality prevalent in his day. At the age of five he is said to have received a severe castigation from his father for giving expression to some honest, though unbusiness-like, remark before a customer in the parental warehouse, which sadly interfered with the completion of a profitable bargain. Again, when he was nineteen years old, he was present, some say compelled to assist, at the throwing a large quantity of rice into the river, a practice indulged in by some of the tradesmen of that day with a view to raise factitiously the price of provisions.

The selfish duplicity displayed in these transactions opened his eyes to the unsatisfactory state of things in the commercial world, and made him vow to become the implacable opponent of a system so inconsistent with the principles of truth and goodness, and in its self-destructive egoism so much at variance with the true interests of society.

However, it was not until nearly reaching middle age that he startled the world with his first great work, "The Theory of the Four Movements," published in 1807. In it "his object was to display the identity of the laws that govern the four great departments—society, animal life, organic life, and the material universe." This book was followed up by a "Treatise on Association, Agricultural and Domestic," and other works of more or less importance, containing his schemes of social improvement.

In them, as in similar works of other social reformers, we have reason to admire rather the pungency of negative criticism on existing social abuses than the constructive power in framing a rational and feasible scheme of social reorganisation. Fourier's sketches of social ideals have undoubtedly suggested numerous moderate reforms, and have given rise to "social aims" of a high order, and so have assisted in bringing about an amelioration in the labourer's condition. But, on the other hand, his strange proposals and fantastic speculations, expressed in lan-

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guage sometimes objectionable, often obscure, and always peculiar, have given a powerful handle to the opponents of social reform to expose his whole system to ridicule and contempt, an opportunity of which they have availed themselves very freely. "The dross and not the gold has been discovered by the critics, and posterity alone," says one, "will appoint him the high rank he deserves as an economist."

To judge of his system we must note the manner in which he regarded man and the universe. Happiness, he maintains, is "our being's end and aim," and in order to its attainment a new social science is indispensable. As Newton's discoveries served in explaining the laws that regulate the movements in the material universe, so the laws prevailing in the social world must be ascertained before we attempt to render mankind happy. To become such a social Newton was Fourier's ambition.

Like Morelly, he accuses mental and moral philosophers of having systematically neglected the laws of nature, and, like him, he seeks to bring back mankind to a true recognition of these laws with a view to render them happy. The general drift of Fourier's code of nature may be expressed thus:—

Follow your inclinations unreservedly, and you will be sure to fulfil your mission in life. Your natural instincts will "attract" you towards those callings for which you are "destined," and your feelings will guide you in the pursuit of those objects which are most desirable in your particular case. Variety of dispositions will thus call forth variety of pursuits, and the general effect will be harmonious action and complete satisfaction throughout the universe.

Why should we suppress our natural inclinations? This only produces pain, and must therefore be wrong. On the other hand, what produces pleasure and satisfaction must be right. As there is a pre-established harmony in all things we only mar the plan of nature and spoil our own happiness in repressing our natural instincts, which are all good, being divinely ordained.

Let men, then, form themselves into small groups, according to natural predilections, to follow similar pursuits. It will soon be found that, instead of the prevailing repugnance to labour, work will be done, not only cheerfully, but with enthusiasm. Let several of these groups again be united into series of workers, engaged in different pursuits suitable to their respective inclinations, then labour once repulsive will be engaged in with ardour so as to render it necessary to enjoin rest rather than to make work compulsory.

To avoid the dull monotony of sameness in occupation, let there be frequent change, "periodic varieties, contrasted situations, change of scene, interesting incidents, enticing novelties," to stimulate body and mind at the same time, and presently all will be vying with each other in skill and zeal, trying to do their best in friendly rivalry.

All existing disharmonies in society owe their origin to our misdirected efforts, by means of "artificial restraint," to suppress natural instincts. Therefore, if once these good instincts be allowed to have free course, labour will become, not only a delight, but even a passion, and from thence will follow prosperity and general well-being.

This coming era of human happiness Fourier calls "the bursting of harmony out of chaos;" and the "pivot of social mechanism" on which the whole

system is to turn is the principle of mutual attraction, as potent in its energy to unite men on earth as in assigning their various spheres to the constellations in the heavens.

Now this principle is felt, though in a faulty manner, even in existing society. Association in the family and in business relations exists already, but an extension of the principle is necessary, and with it important reforms in the family life and in the organisation of labour. Fourier dwells with bitterness, after the manner of J. S. Mill, on the subjection of women, and shows how the gradual improvement in the position of women is the determining cause of each upward movement in the social progress. But we cannot here enter upon this question. It will be more to our purpose to follow Fourier in his examination of social institutions generally, and his original ideas in trying to improve them.

He is keen in his strictures on the imperfect condition of agricultural and domestic economy in the absence of co-operative action. He describes the pitiable condition of agricultural implements and buildings, the fearful waste and dissipation of labour force, all arising from the isolated position of the small farmers, each having his own separate establishment. A similar indictment is pronounced against domestic economy. Here the preparation of food, the use of fuel and household utensils, cleaning, the rearing up of children, etc., all taking place in separate households, occasion much pecuniary waste and personal discomfort. Moreover, he shows the evil consequences of work being carried on in small and dreary workshops, in solitude and monotony, and the distaste for work produced by inadequate reward, and the appalling prevalence of wretched poverty following in the wake of our modern civilisation. He speaks of commerce as the "curse of civilisation," and of merchants as "a swarm of vultures." In answer to those who boast of the liberal institutions of our age, he grimly asks, "What is the good of liberty to a man well-nigh famishing because of the insufficient remuneration of his labour?" People talk of the "bliss of living under a free constitution," as if it was any comfort to a poor man to read "Magna Charta" to pacify his appetite when hungry. The savage enjoys the natural right of the meadow, the river, the forest to chase in and collect wild fruits, which grow in profusion. Civilisation has robbed him of these, and only left him a "minimum" of daily support instead. The condition of society in his day he shortly and not altogether incorrectly describes as "a social contract founded on hunger and bayonets."

And what are Fourier's proposals to bring about a more "harmonious organisation of industry," and a more satisfactory condition of mutual social relations?

Starting, as we have seen, from the principle that "scarcely any labour, however severe, undergone by human beings for the sake of subsistence, exceeds that which other human beings, whose subsistence is already provided for, are found ready and ever eager to undergo for pleasure," as in the case of hunting, fishing, and sports generally, or, as in the case of kings like Louis XIV becoming an amateur apothecary, and Louis XVIII acting as cook, he would assign work to all, according to their special aptitudes and personal predilections. He looks for efficiency of work in the co-operative association of the workers,

united with each other according to similarity of tastes and mutual sympathy. Such a system of voluntary co-operation would have all the advantages of wholesale trade without any of its drawbacks. The whole of society would be divided into three classes—capitalists, labourers, and men of talent, each receiving a fixed proportion of the proceeds of their common labour. They form, as it were, among themselves so many joint-stock companies, in which all are active members, and where the governors or directors are the people's choice. All share in labour and profit, according to their capacity, and contribute, in capital or labour, to the common fund, whilst the produce of their united efforts is stored up in public magazines, to be distributed by officers appointed for that purpose. Superior food is provided in common kitchens; all trades are carried on in factory style on a large scale; service in the field is performed by means of co-operative agriculture; and much waste of labour and money is avoided by all dwelling under the same roof of the Phalanstère. Here all the necessities, and not a few of the luxuries of life, are provided for the inmates by the common council or standing committee acting for the community. A few communal agents do the work of the present herds of useless tradesmen, and the society is all the better and the richer for this change.

To carry out this scheme in detail, Fourier requires that about 1,800 persons, or 400 families (subdivided into 60-80 series, and these again into 24-32 groups each), should form themselves into one commune. "Every kind of industry gives rise to as many groups as there are varieties of employment, and every group may be divided again into as many sections as may be needed in the performance of the several industrial functions."

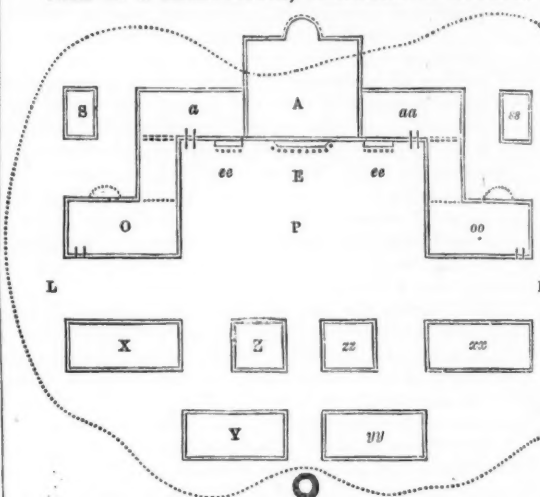
A square league of land is assigned to every phalange* of this sect for agricultural purposes. The land is worked in common after the manner of ancient village communities, the proprietors of land, stock, and implements receiving compensation for the proprietary rights, private property being duly respected.

The Phalanstère is the centre and rallying-point of the community. There reside its members of every grade, from the highest to the lowest, in comparative independence of each other's society, and yet within easy reach of friendly intercourse. The Phalanstère is a noble pile of buildings, in construction both elegant and commodious, resembling a vast palace in the grandeur of its architectural style, and possessing, at the same time, all the comforts of a home in its internal arrangements. Wings are attached at both ends, where, at some distance from the centre of family life, and without disturbing its even flow, the manufacturing process is carried on. Extensive corridors and covered walks serve as promenades for the aged and infirm. Galleries and verandahs run round the whole building, airy in summer, heated in winter, to keep up an easy communication with all the workshops. They also serve the purpose of exposing art objects and exhibiting the results of industrial progress. In the midst of this block of buildings rises the tower whence issue the commands of the central authority,

* Phalange and Phalanstère, the one being the name for the aggregate of human beings in the commune, and the other that of their abode, are derived from the Macedonian phalanx, in allusion to their working together, like a phalanx of Macedonian soldiers, in subduing natural obstacles.

and which also serves as a clock tower, telegraph station, and astronomical observatory. A theatre and exchange find a place also within the same circuit.

PLAN OF A PHALANSTÈRE, ACCORDING TO FOURIER.



The double lines represent the different buildings composing the Phalanstère. The tracings of a broken line outside represent the course of a river; the open space between L and L is a broad street between the Phalanstère and the stables; P, in the middle, is the grand square of the place; A, the grand court, which forms a promenade in winter, planted with resinous vegetation and evergreens.

a, aa, o, oo=courtyards connecting the different lodgings of the inmates.

x, y, z, xx, yy, zz are a series of offices and outhouses and farm buildings.

E, ee were three portals opening into the forecourts leading to various business localities.

The buildings adjacent to A may comprise the church, exchange, town hall, opera house, the central tower, the telegraph and post-offices, etc. That portion of A bulging out from the square is intended for the rich class, as far away as possible from the noise.

The two courts a, aa, near the wings of the building, are set apart, one for the general kitchen, the other for stabling and equipages.

The two buildings x, xx may be turned into public buildings, sacred or secular, if isolation should be found desirable. They are connected with the Phalanstère by subterranean walks.

O, oo, in the centre of each wing, serve for the carrying on of all the noisy occupations and similar purposes.

In fact everything is done in the Phalanstère to render life free and attractive, and to remove the unpleasant distinctions of class by encouraging all the members of the Phalanstère to regard each other, notwithstanding differences of fortune and capacity, as members of one family. Where "universal education has caused universal good manners, and all classes mix with one another with ease and cordiality," as in the Phalanstère, class-antagonism is excluded.

Lodgings, common rooms, refectories, workshops, kitchens, cellars, granaries, offices, are all situated in a manner so as to secure free and easy access, as well as economical and intelligent serviceableness. The workshops are lofty and airy, so constructed as to surround labour with "artificial charms," and there are none of the depressing influences of the atmosphere and surroundings as in our factories and workshops.

"About half way between the Phalanstère and the boundaries of the property, four châteaux are erected in different directions for the accommodation of the members engaged in agriculture. Here breakfast and other refreshments may be had." To render field-labour attractive, "different kinds of culture are to be found side by side—flowers and fruits interspersed amidst corn and pasture or forest—their position determined with a view to artistic effect quite as much as to profit. The labour is itself of the nature of a fête; brightly coloured tents afford shelter from the rays of

the sun, devices indicate convenient sparkling accompaniment the youth

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the sun, or from rain; flags and banners, ornamented with the devices of the series, representing their triumphs in industry, indicate the parties at work. Tasteful kiosks are erected at convenient distances, and are supplied with exquisite pastry and sparkling wine. The labourers go to the field and return again accompanied by the strains of music and the sweet singing of the youthful choirs."

Sanitary precautions are taken throughout the settlements, and every branch of work is rendered attractive so as to arouse the enthusiasm of all for voluntary labour. A solidarity of interests incites all to work most effectively, whereby the prosperity of the whole is ensured. Envy and dissatisfaction are unknown where there is a fair distribution of reward for labour rendered, and compulsory labour is unnecessary where excessive hardships have been removed by superior organisation. If there is any rivalry it is the emulation of groups to outdo each other in diligence and skill, as different regiments of soldiers seek to outshine each other in valour and discipline. No individual heartburnings are felt because there are no personal defeats where all alike share in the results of conquest.

Intrigues and favouritism on the part of the officials are avoided by leaving their selection mainly to universal suffrage, and by the fact that all members are jealously watching over the common interests.

Intemperance in such a society is a thing unthought of, as with a constant flow of general prosperity and in the absence of occasional destitution the temptations for temporary gross enjoyment are removed.

Thus every precaution is taken to prevent the harmonious well-being of the society from being disturbed by any of those causes which from time to time distract our less perfect societies.

Fourier is not only satisfied with remodelling French society in this manner, he looks forward to a time when his system will have spread all over the habitable globe. As the phalanx of the Macedonian host, well-equipped and full of ardour, subdued nation after nation, and thus extended the empire of Alexander, so these phalanxes of industrial warriors rigorously and zealously proceed in the march of social conquest. They remove all natural obstacles and subdue all opposing forces under the dominion of man. They plant forests in the mountains and render deserts fruitful; they reclaim morasses and erect bridges; they regulate river-basins and dig canals; they spread networks of rail all over the habitable globe and cut through the isthmuses of Suez and Panama, to link together more closely all the families of the earth.

To make himself truly lord of the creation, man, aided by science, succeeds even in removing the disastrous effects of natural causes which stand in the way of human progress. "The icy atmosphere of the poles and the burning simooms of the equator" are attempered in this manner; "the snow-covered steppes of Siberia and the arid deserts of Africa" are thus brought under tillage. Magnificent palaces rise in once desolate places, and lovely tracks, never trod by human feet before, become highways for the "confederation of phalanxes," spreading their ramifications all over the world.

When Considérant, the follower of Fourier, gave expression to such and similar sanguine hopes as to the future prospects of Fourierism in a course of lectures delivered at Dijon in 1841, there was loud and prolonged applause among an enthusiastic audience. This was just four years after his master

had died, unappreciated, and scarcely regretted by the majority of his countrymen. The great socialist, whom his disciples call the Christopher Columbus of the social world, the architect of man's happiness here below, after living a simple, modest, and laborious life, died unknown and almost unlamented by the world at large.

All he had demanded was a thirty years' trial of his system; but few, very few, could be found to carry his scheme into practice. One or two feeble attempts were made, but ended in ignominious failure. He bore his fate with fortitude; he saw a school rising to disseminate his doctrines, and in his old age he received many tokens of regard from devoted pupils. A stone placed on his modest tomb bears the inscription containing in few words the fundamentals of his social creed:

"Instincts correspond to their destiny, from the series springs harmony."

Now, what is the general impression left on our minds by a perusal of Fourier's social projects? What has been the effect of his teaching on the theory and practice of social life?

There is much that strikes us as visionary and impractical in these astounding proposals for remodelling society on the basis of the attraction theory and by means of a "serial mechanism." That the harmonious well-being of a world could be secured by permitting all mankind to follow their natural instincts, which more usually tend to evil than to good, that the government of the whole human family could be carried on by authorities whose tenure of office depends on the people's will, without serious disturbances periodically throughout the social organism, is scarcely imaginable.

Among human beings, as we find them, even the highest regard for the common welfare will not prevent the forces of self-regarding tendencies clashing with the dictates of social duty, and so injuriously interfering with the solidarity of interests in the community. Personal jealousies and individual passions would sooner or later disturb the social harmony in the best regulated Phalanstère.

In Fourier's plausible promises of unbroken harmony in the society that is to be, we see only the counterpart of an erroneous exposition of the supposed harmonious working of society as it is, indulged in by some apologists of our present economic system. Social disharmonies are not likely to right themselves either by the free play of selfish passions in the present competition struggle, as some suppose, or by leaving man to follow his natural instincts only, as Fourier taught. They must be sought in the further development of the non-self-regarding motives and the growth of Christian self-denial among mankind.

Wanting as Fourier's scheme is in philosophical solidity, and abounding as it does with chimerical theorising, his writings contain many practical suggestions which have been utilised, in part at least, already. To these we desire, in conclusion, to call the reader's attention, as our object is not to subject these social schemes here to detailed refutation, but rather to point out the good they contain, and to what extent they have resulted in promoting directly and indirectly the improvement of the human race.*

Apart from the beneficial influences of Fourier's criticism on existing social evils and wrongs which arise from ignoring the special needs of the labouring

* For a fuller criticism of Fourier's economic theories, see the author's work on Socialism, p. 123, et seq.

classes and their claim to a fuller share in the enjoyments of life, Fourier deserves also our attention on account of some of his positive proposals.

The various attempts which have been made in co-operative agriculture, including "the little Utopia," as the "Times" called it, acquired not long ago by the National Agricultural Labourers' Union in Lincolnshire, for this purpose, may owe, in a measure, their origin to Fourier's advocacy of association in field labour. So, again, Mr. Fisher's recommendation of co-operative housekeeping, in an article of the "Nineteenth Century" for September last, to avoid the enormous waste in separate establishments, reminds us of similar suggestions of Fourier. The late passing through Parliament of the Amalgamated Factories Act, the erection of a superior block of labourers' homesteads by Lady Countess in the east of London, M. Godin's* social palace at Guise, called the "Familiestérie," and avowedly built on the plan of Fourier's Phalanstère; even Dr. Richardson's† plan for common workshops, having for their object the health and comfort of the labourer in the workshop and the home, bear traces of the influence of Fourier's ideas. These piecemeal adaptations of Fourierism may appear very insignificant to thoroughgoing reformers, but it has to be remembered that all social reforms are necessarily of slow growth. Social revolutions such as Fourier dreamed of are practically impossible, but the adoption of social reforms in detail becomes often desirable. And in order to do this there must be a primary impulse and direction given from some quarter. This impulsive

force comes from social idealists like Fourier, who are undaunted by the indifference of the incredulous world, and not unfrequently even impervious to the logic of plain facts and deaf to the voice of common sense. They err in expecting immediate effects and total changes where remote effects and partial changes are only to be hoped for. But they are right in rising superior to the men of their own generation in desiring realisable ideals capable of future fulfilment. The social prophet of the future may see all his plans shattered in his lifetime. But what is true in his teaching will surely survive after a season of depreciation and neglect, and bear fruit in the well-being of coming generations.

The cause of this—the general failure of Utopian systems, as a whole, and the partial acceptance of some truths they contain—is to be found in that wholesome tendency of average men to be guided by practical rather than ideal considerations, to prefer tentative measures to thoroughgoing schemes of social improvement. "The speculative mind is easily transported into ideal spheres, but people do not always follow," says M. Reybaud, a contemporary and critic of Fourier. "Human beings, like patients, would rather endure well-known pains, with which they have become familiar, than take the chance of a first-rate operation. They prefer a few timid efforts—and those at long intervals, slowly attempted, and deliberately carried out—to secure their recovery. This instinct of society, with all its drawbacks, has many advantages; it may retard the progressive development of the race, but it at the same time places an impassable barrier against reckless innovation."

* See Thomas Brassey's *Lectures on the Labour Question*, p. 103, *et seq.*
† See Dr. Richardson's *Hygeia, a City of Health*, p. 10, *et seq.*

PROFESSOR F. MAX MÜLLER.

IT was the publication, in 1861, of his first series of lectures on the "Science of Language," delivered the same year at the Royal Institution, London, that first awakened the attention of the English public to Professor F. Max Müller. Before that, he had been known to a wide circle of distinguished scholars in Europe as one of the ablest living Sanskritists and comparative philologists, but the value of Sanskrit studies and of comparative philology had not yet obtained a general appreciation in this country. But here was one—a foreigner, indeed, but using the English language with a command and grace of which few Englishmen were capable—revealing to all cultivated minds the claims of comparative philology as a new science, and clearly showing the light which the cultivation of it was calculated to throw on the most important and interesting subjects of human inquiry. Tens of thousands became aware that a man whom they could hail as "a guide, philosopher, and friend" had come from the Continent and pitched his tent among them.

Müller was born at Dessau, the capital of the small duchy of Anhalt-Dessau, on the 6th December, 1823, being the son of Wilhelm Müller, a celebrated German poet. The elementary portions of his education were received there at the ducal school, where he was distinguished by a combination of sprightliness and industry, and by a remarkable talent for music. At the age of twelve he was sent to Leipzig, and pursued his juvenile studies at the Nicolai School,

where Leibnitz, the father of the science of language, had been a pupil nearly two centuries before. In 1841 he entered the University of Leipzig, and received the degree of Ph.D. in 1843, having followed his natural bent for classical and comparative philology, and laid the foundations of an acquaintance with Hebrew, Arabic, and Sanskrit. The next year he removed to Berlin, that he might enjoy the lectures of Schelling and Bopp, and study a collection of Sanskrit manuscripts, which the Prussian Government had purchased not long before in England. In Berlin he made the acquaintance of the illustrious scholars Alexander von Humboldt and Böckh, and studied Persian under the well-known Friedrich Rückert.

In 1845 he proceeded to Paris, attracted by the reputation of the famous Eugène Burnouf at the College of France. Burnouf at once appreciated the merit of the young German, and pressed it on him to undertake the publication of the "Rig Veda." The proposal had the more fascination for Müller because the work had been previously attempted by another young German scholar, Friedrich Rosen, who died, however, in England soon after the commencement of his labours. With a view to this undertaking, Müller went to England in 1846, and this led to an entire change in his plan of life. It was arranged that the "Rig Veda" should be printed in England, at Oxford, at the expense of the East India Company, and after a time Müller settled at Oxford to superintend the carrying of the work through the

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press. We find the late Baron Bunsen writing to him there from London in December, 1848 :—" You have undertaken a great work, and have been rescued from the whirlpool, and landed on this peaceful island to carry it on undisturbed, which you could not have done in the Fatherland."

At Oxford, in 1850, Müller was appointed deputy to his friend Mr. Francis Trithen, as Taylorian Professor of Modern European Languages, and in 1854, on Trithen's death, he succeeded him as the occupant of the chair. This, however, was not exactly

many publications, which will show how well he has earned the distinction that attaches to his name.

His first work was a translation in German of the "Hitopadesa," a collection of Indian fables (Leipzig, 1844). This has since been republished in London as one of his "Handbooks for the Study of Sanskrit," with the Sanskrit text, and an English translation of the whole, as also an interlinear translation and grammatical analysis of the first book. This was followed in 1847 by a German translation of the "Meghaduta," a poem of Kalidasa, in which he



F. Max Müller.

the place for him, and in 1868 he was appointed to the chair of Comparative Philology, newly constituted by the university. Ten years before this he had been made a Fellow of All Souls' College. He is one of the eight foreign members of the French Institute, and a member of most of the principal literary societies of Europe. He is one of the twenty Knights of the Prussian Order of Merit who are elected by the suffrages of the previously existing knights.*

The above is all that it is necessary to give in this sketch of the outward phases in the life of Professor Müller. We proceed to indicate the chief of his

reproduced in a wonderful manner the metre of the original.

At Oxford, also in 1847, at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, he read an essay "On the Relations of the Bengali to the Aryan and Aboriginal Languages of India," which is to be found in the Report of the Association for that year.

In 1853 he wrote his letter to Bunsen on "The Classification of the Turanian Languages." Though called a letter, this is really a long and ably digested treatise. It was printed by Bunsen in the third volume of his "Christianity and Mankind," where it occupies 258 pages. Several of the German philologists have demurred to the views of Müller in this work; yet Pott, one of his most decided oppo-

* For some of these details we are indebted to the sketch of Max Müller in the second volume of the "Histoire des Orientalistes de l'Europe. du xii^e au xix^e Siecle," by Gustave Dugat, Paris, 1870

nents, acknowledged that it was the most important contribution to linguistic science which had appeared for a long time.

In 1854, at the Alphabetical Conferences held at the residence of Bunsen in London, Müller submitted "Proposals for a Missionary Alphabet," which developed under his hand to a considerable treatise. The following sentence from his opening paragraph will show the spirit in which the proposals were made:—"The philologist, the historian, the geographer, and, more than all, the missionary—he whose message of good tidings is to all nations—are harassed in their labours by the diversity of alphabets, and the difficulties hence arising may be judged second only to those caused by the diversity of language, that main barrier, we may confess with Humboldt and St. Augustine, against the establishment of the *Civitas Dei*, and the realisation of the idea of humanity."

In 1859 there appeared his "History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature," which gained him, we believe, his place in the French Academy.

In 1861 Müller published his first series of nine "Lectures on the Science of Language," with a reference to which we commenced this paper, and his second series of twelve additional lectures appeared in 1864. Of both of these we shall speak farther on. They may be said to have been welcomed by the whole learned world. The latest edition we have seen of them is the ninth. Besides being reprinted and circulating widely in the United States, they have been translated into French, German, Italian, and Russian. Four other lectures, delivered, like the above two series, at the Royal Institution, may be considered as a sequel to them. Delivered in 1870, they were published in 1873 as "An Introduction to the Science of Religion," along with two other essays on "False Analogies in Comparative Theology," and "The Philosophy of Mythology." These also have been translated into the principal continental languages.

Want of space has obliged us to pass over several other works of Professor Müller, and we hurry on to say something of his "Magnum Opus," the "Rig Veda," and of his "Chips from a German Workshop."

As we have related, what brought Müller to England and fixed his residence at Oxford, was his undertaking to publish the "Rig Veda." The title of the work is "Rig Veda Sanhita," that is, "The Collection of Sacred Hymns." *Veda* is from the same root as our English "wisdom," "to wit," and meant originally "knowing," or "knowledge;" *rig*, or *rich*, is from a Sanskrit root, meaning "to celebrate." The name of *Veda*, we are told, is given by the Brahmans to the whole body of their ancient sacred literature. There are other *Vedas* besides the *Rig*, but they are all less ancient and less important than it. The collection of the *Rig* hymns, Müller shows, cannot have been much later than the 11th or 12th century B.C. The date of their composition must be several centuries earlier. Thus, "the *Veda*," he says, "is the earliest deposit of Aryan faith." We can watch in it ideas and their names growing, which in Persia, Greece, and Rome we meet with only as full grown or as fast decaying. We get one step nearer to that distant source of religious thought and language which has fed the different national streams of Persia, Greece, Rome, and Germany, and we begin to see clearly what ought never to have been doubted, that

there is no religion without God, or, as St. Augustine expressed it, that "There is no false religion which does not contain some elements of truth."

This account of the "Rig Veda" shows how important it was that there should be in the first place a correct edition of its text, which would be available to all Sanskrit scholars, and might thereafter be translated into different languages, and its treasures thereby thrown open generally to readers and thinkers. Along with the *Veda* text Müller resolved to edit the Commentary on it of Sayana Acharya, compiled mainly from previously existing commentaries, in the 15th century after Christ. The Collection and Commentary now form six large quarto volumes, containing altogether nearly 8,000 pages. The first appeared in 1849, the last in 1875. Of the manner in which the editorial work is executed, the most remarkable testimony, perhaps, is that given by the late Dr. Martin Haug, who tells us that an assembly of 700 learned Brahmans, at Poonah, in 1862, examined the volumes so far as then published, and declared the text better and more complete than any of their own manuscripts, which they proceeded to correct from it.

The works which we have enumerated, and others that we have omitted, seem more than enough for the lifetime of an ordinary man. Doubtless they very much occupied Professor Müller for more than thirty years; but in the interstices of his time he was able to accomplish much besides, the results of which are now gathered up in the four volumes of his "Chips from a German Workshop," containing about 2,000 pages large 8vo. Of the origin of the title he gives us the following account. In telling him that the means for the publication of the "Rig Veda" were secured, Bunsen, to whose efforts such a result was principally due, said, "Now you have got a work for life,—a large block that will take years to plane and polish. But mind," he added, "let us have from time to time some chips from your workshop." Müller was not slow to follow this suggestion. He would have done as it advised, even if it had never been made, but his friend furnished him with a happy title for the "Sanhita" of his shorter labours. The chief subjects of the volumes were originally articles contributed to various reviews, magazines, and newspapers, in the shape of essays and reviews of books, and lectures delivered in Oxford and elsewhere. They consist of essays on the Science of Religion; on the Science of Language; on Mythology, Traditions, and Customs; on Literature, Biography, and Antiquities. The fourth volume, published in 1875, contains his celebrated "Lecture on Missions," delivered in the nave of Westminster Abbey on December 3, 1873, and also Dean Stanley's Sermon on "The End and the Means of Christian Missions," preached earlier on the same day.

Our readers cannot fail to be impressed and astonished by the amount of the labours of Professor Müller, even as we have imperfectly enumerated and described them. It has sometimes occurred to us, in thinking of them and the style of their execution, to vary and apply to him the words of Enobarbus describing Cleopatra:—

"Age cannot wither him, nor custom stale
His infinite variety. Other authors cloy
The appetite they feed; but he makes hungry
Where most he satisfies."

After all his immense toils Müller's mind is still as

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rigorous as ever it was, and he is now engaged in superintending the publication of a work that is likely to run to a greater number of volumes than all he has hitherto given to the public. When he had brought out the last volume of the "Rig Veda" what had been considered his life-work was done. It will not be wondered at that he had need both of change and rest. He intimated to the Vice-Chancellor of the University his wish to resign the chair of Comparative Philology, and give all his remaining years to the prosecution of a literary enterprise which he had much at heart. Flattering offers were at the same time made to him from continental universities if he would accept a position on their staff. There seemed a likelihood that England would lose its adopted son, and Oxford be deprived of one of its brightest ornaments. But the university was true to itself. Arrangements were made to meet the wishes of Müller in other respects, and what most of all induced him to remain in Oxford was its undertaking to publish "The Sacred Books of the East: translated, with Introductions and Notes, by various Oriental Scholars," and all edited by himself. At present he contemplates only a series of twenty-four volumes at the rate of about three volumes a year, illustrating the religion of the Brahmans, of Zarathustra, of Kung-fu-tsze, of Lao-tsze, and of Mohammed. The present year should witness the publication of the first three volumes of the series. It will extend, we venture to predict, over many more than twenty-four volumes. We sincerely hope that the life of Professor Müller will be spared to see it completed.

We shall now attempt to exhibit some of the characteristics of our subject as a thinker and writer, and call attention to a few of the results at which he has arrived.

The elegance of his style never fails to attract his readers. Gustave Dugat says: "Max Müller, in the exposition of the most laborious researches, always makes us remember that he is the son of a poet, so much does he excel in presenting the results of the most exact and rigid science under the most poetical and attractive forms." Müller is both the son of a poet and a poet himself, and he clothes the subtlest investigations with the charm of a poetical grace. This characteristic of his style would be injurious if it were employed in neglect of logical method or to veil the scantiness of his information. But this is far from being the case. It has been charged, indeed, against him, but a train of logic runs through his lectures and essays, and binds them together from the first to the last. It is not paraded, but it is there. If omitted for a time for the sake of illustration, and for the prolonged treatment of some special point, he returns to his general subject, and carries it on, the connection of its parts only strengthened by the divergence in which he has indulged. It could not well be otherwise with a mind gifted and trained as his has been.

Nor does he waste time and words in controversy. We know not the writer who has treated those who differ from him with more courtesy and consideration. His two articles, "My Reply to Mr. Darwin, junior," and "In Self-defence," in reply to Professor Whitney—both in the fourth volume of his "Chips"—show that when provoked to controversy he can hit hard. But controversy is foreign to his nature and his plan of work.

As an illustration of the interest with which Müller

invests any established philological fact, we will quote the following passage from his essay on "Comparative Mythology," in the third volume of the "Chips":—

"The mutual relation between brother and sister had been hallowed at the most ancient period of Aryan speech, and it had been sanctioned by names which had become traditional before the Aryan family broke up into different colonies. The original meaning of *bhratar* seems to me to have been 'he who carries or assists;' of *svasr*, 'she who pleases or consoles,' *svasti* meaning in Sanskrit joy or happiness.

"In *duhitār*, again, we find a name which must have become traditional long before the separation took place. It is a name identically the same in all the dialects except Latin, and yet Sanskrit alone could have preserved a consciousness of its appellative power. *Duhitar*, as Professor Lassen was the first to show, is derived from *duh*, a root which in Sanskrit means 'to milk.' It is perhaps connected with the Latin *duco*, and the transition of meaning would be the same as between *trahere*, 'to draw,' and *traire*, 'to milk.' Now the name of milkmaid, given to the daughter of the house, opens before our eyes a little idyll of the poetical and pastoral life of the early Aryans. One of the few things by which the daughter, before she was married, might make herself useful in a nomadic household, was the milking of the cattle, and it discloses a kind of delicacy and humour, even in the rudest state of society, if we imagine a father calling his daughter his little milkmaid, rather than *suta*, his begotten, or *filia*, his suckling. This meaning, however, must have been forgotten long before the Aryans separated. *Duhitar* was then no longer a nickname, but it had become a technical term, or, so to say, the proper name of daughter."

We cannot, in our space, direct attention to the several subjects of the "Lectures on the Science of Language," and the reader of them must bear in mind that they do not constitute a course of that science. They will not make the student of them a comparative philologist, but they will put him in the way to make himself such, teaching him what the science is, and what are its laws and methods of procedure.

Having analysed language into its constituent elements, Müller finds that these consist of what are called "roots," monosyllabic utterances, the linguistic atoms, each one containing in it a general concept, like the germ of life in a seed. These roots are not imitations of sound. There are a few names in every language formed in this way, but "the attempt to reduce the most common and necessary words to imitative roots ends in complete failure. Even Herder, after having most strenuously defended this theory of onomatopoeia, as it is called, renounced it openly towards the latter years of his life, and threw himself in despair into the arms of those who looked upon languages as miraculously revealed." Nor can language be made out to be of interjectional origin. "Interjections," says our author, "are the outskirts of real language. Language begins where interjections end." We arrive, at the end of our researches into the subject, at roots, and every root expresses a general, and not an individual, idea.

And how did the first men, the first speakers, form those general ideas? The only answer we can give to this question is that it was the nature of man to do so. "Other animals," we read, "have sensation, perception, memory, and, in a certain sense, intellect; but all these in the animal are conversant with single objects only. Man has sensation, perception, memory, intellect, and reason, and it is his reason only that is conversant with general ideas. Through reason we not only stand a step above the brute creation, we belong to a different world." All this is wrapt up in the true title of our race—the name *Man*. "*Ma*," said Müller, "in Sanskrit, means 'to mea-

sure.' *Man*, a derivative root, means 'to think.' From this we have the Sanskrit *manu*, originally 'thinker,' then *man*. In the later Sanskrit we find derivations, such as *manava*, *manusha*, *manushya*, all expressing 'man,' or 'son of man.' In Gothic we find both *man* and *manniske*, the modern German *mann* and *mensch*."

Other writers before Müller had put forth the same thoughts. Müller's merit lies in seeing them clearly, grasping them strongly, and expounding them with the charm of his illustrative eloquence, and in relation to prevailing speculations. The analysis of language, which we have sketched, brought him, for instance, into contact with the Darwinian doctrine of evolution, and seemed to him to furnish a decisive proof against the animal descent of man. We expect to hear from him again on this subject, and refrain from entering further into it at present.

The roots which result from the analysis of language are not many. Müller speaks of them as 400 or 500; but supposing they are double that, or more, they seem few when we think of the structures that have been built with them. "They may be called 'phonetic types,' and whatever explanation the psychologist or the metaphysician may propose of them to the student of language, they are simply ultimate facts. We might say with Plato, that they exist by nature; though with Plato we should have to add that, when we say by nature, we mean by the hand of God." Possibly they may have been produced by an instinct which, like other human instincts, ceased to act when it had served its proper end. Their number, too, may have originally been very great, and was gradually reduced by "natural elimination." Leaving these points, however, let us see what are the views of Müller on the common origin of language.

Languages have been classified under three great families:—the Aryan, embracing Sanskrit, Zend, many of the living languages of India, most of those of Europe, and others; the Semitic, embracing Hebrew, Arabic, Amharic, and others; and the Turanian, embracing the multitude of what are called the Agglutinative tongues, as those of the two other families are called the Inflectional and the Terminational respectively. The languages of men are, probably, not fewer than a thousand; but they may all be shown to belong to one or other of these three families or types. It is an important and interesting inquiry whether there is reason to believe that the three had a common origin. There are distinguished philologists who contend that it is necessary to admit more than one beginning for the races of mankind and for language. Professor Müller does not admit any such necessity. "The impossibility," he says, "of a common origin of language has never been proved." He does not say, on the other hand, that it is necessary to admit a common origin of all languages, but he contends that such an origin was possible, not to say is probable. His views on this point are summed up in the following two propositions, towards the conclusion of his "Letter to Bunsen on the Turanian Languages:"—

"I. Nothing necessitates the admission of different independent beginnings for the *material* elements of the Turanian, Semitic, and Aryan branches of speech; nay, it is possible even now to point out radicals which, under various changes and disguises, have been current in these three branches ever since their first separation.

"II. Nothing necessitates the admission of different begin-

nings for the *formal* elements of the Turanian, Semitic, Aryan branches of speech; and though it is impossible to derive the Aryan system of grammar from the Semitic, or the Semitic from the Aryan, we can perfectly understand how, either through individual influences, or by the wear and tear of speech in its own continuous working, the different systems of grammar of Asia and Europe may have been produced."

Such is the explicit but guarded statement of Müller on the common origin of language. He expresses himself with less caution in the last sentence of his first series of lectures:—"The science of language leads us up to that highest summit from which we see into the very dawn of man's life on earth, and where the words which we have heard so often from the days of our childhood—'And the whole earth was of one language and one speech'—assume a meaning more natural, more intelligible, more convincing than they ever had before."

A question has been asked of us as to the opinion of Müller about the time when languages—supposing them to have a common origin—diverged from the one original language. We do not know that our author has ever tried on mere philological grounds to assign such a time. We doubt whether the science of language is ever likely to supply data for any one to do so. If we take the Aryan family, no one of its languages can be considered as the parent of all the others. We can trace historically the formation of French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese out of Latin, but Latin itself and Greek, as well as the Teutonic, Celtic, and Slavonic languages, cannot be traced to Sanskrit as their mother tongue. They are all "co-ordinate members of one and the same class." There must have existed an earlier speech antecedent to them all, out of which they came. Shall we ever be able to determine (apart from Revelation) when that speech existed? The same thing may be said of the various constituents of the Semitic and Turanian families. And then, behind them all, there would be the one original speech, the roots, in which the earliest men, the first *thinkers*, had discourse of reason with one another. How long ago is it since it existed?

We cannot, in this article, follow Professor Müller into the realms of mythology and the science of religion. His linguistic researches have led him to many results in the former that are entirely satisfactory and full of interest, and we wait with more than curiosity to hear all that he will have to say on the latter. But we have no sympathy with some who look on his propounding of a science of religion as too daring, and almost an unhallowed undertaking. No one could make his approaches to it with more reverence; he is prepared to take his shoes from off his feet in doing so, and recognises that the ground is holy. Such studies are happily not needed by the humble believer in revealed truth, but for the defence of the faith they are valuable. The early apologists of Christianity had to go into the arena of comparative religion with the adherents of the old religions of the Roman world. Every missionary has still to do the same in commending his Christian faith to the believers in Brahmanism, Buddhism, Confucianism, and other systems of heathen faith. Many scholars throughout Christendom are discussing the subject. In the Hibbert lectures Müller has undertaken to treat it. As Robert Hall said in the preface to his "Sermon on Modern Infidelity," "The versatility of error demands a correspondent versatility in the methods of defend-

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ing truth." In the meanwhile we commend to thoughtful minds the sentences with which Müller ended, in 1865, his "Lecture on the Vedas":—

"Three of the results to which, I believe, a comparative study of religion is sure to lead, I may here state:—

"1. We shall learn that religions, in their most ancient form, or in the minds of their authors, are generally free from many of the blemishes that attach to them in later times.

"2. We shall learn that there is hardly one religion which does not contain some truth, some important truth; truth sufficient to enable those who seek the Lord and feel after Him, to find Him in their hour of need.

"3. We shall learn to appreciate better than ever what we have in our own religion. No one who has not examined patiently and honestly the other religions of the world, can know what Christianity really is, or can join with such truth and sincerity in the words of St. Paul, 'I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.'"

So Professor Müller wrote in 1865. To the same effect are his words, in 1873, in the preface to his "Lectures on the Science of Religion."

"The study of the ancient religions of mankind, I feel convinced, if carried on in a bold, but scholarlike, careful, and reverent spirit, will remove many doubts and difficulties which are due entirely to the narrowness of our religious horizon; it will enlarge our sympathies, it will raise our thoughts above the small controversies of the day, and at no distant future evoke in the very heart of Christianity a fresh spirit and a new life."

J. L.

SPANISH SKETCHES.

III.—A SEASIDE TRIP.

IT was a sultry evening in the end of June; the sun was sinking beneath the horizon, crimsoned with his declining rays, which were gilding each spire and dome. The city was so quiet and still that it might have seemed the dead of night.

Few of the Madrileños had ventured out after their *siestas*, prolonged through the long summer afternoon; only one or two stragglers were to be seen lazily crawling through the streets, now refreshed with a copious shower from the hose apparatus which supply the place of water-carts throughout Madrid—an arrangement which our English cities might adopt with advantage, instead of the unsightly machines to which we cling with truly British pertinacity and dread of innovation.

A few wretched, half-starved-looking dogs were yelping with pleasure as they jumped about in the cool spray and held out their tongues to catch the spare drops.

"Well, they do look happy," I sighed, half to myself, as I watched them through my Venetian blinds; "I quite envy them!"

"I say, Lucy," my husband called out, "if you loiter so you will not be ready by the time the omnibus starts; it will be ready in ten minutes, and we must be punctual, as there will certainly be a great crush to-night at the station."

And here I should perhaps mention that we were that very evening about to start for the north of Spain, where we purposed passing about two months in order to escape the Madrid heat. Our party consisted of my husband, myself, a relation of mine (whom I shall here call Mrs. Gordon), and Pepita, our cook, who was to keep house for us in the watering-place we were bound for.

At last we were ready, the omnibus at the door, and Dick grumbling over our numerous parcels

and bags which were being placed inside. "There will certainly be a great number going north to-night," he said. "The session of the Cortes having closed, every one will be going to Santander to-day, and Sardinero (a suburb of Santander) seems the only place considered safe this year. What with Carlists and Revolutionists, the usual *baños* are closed, and only the north left available."

"What do you think of adopting Mr. Brown's plan, and going third-class?" I said, half-laughing. "He declared it was preferable in this hot weather to going either first or second, and that we should be likely to get a compartment quite to ourselves."

My husband shrugged his shoulders, but said nothing. When we arrived at the station we found, as he had predicted, a tremendous crush. Everybody seemed flying from hot Madrid, from the elegant lady in her silks and laces to the peasant in his cotton blouse, with his modest bundle in his hand. To our dismay we found every seat already secured, first, second, and third! At last, after a tiring search up and down the platform, we discovered a vacant compartment in a third-class carriage which would just hold four persons tightly packed together. The compartment was an open one, which we thought would be rather an advantage, as it could be thoroughly ventilated. The few seats we had secured with such difficulty were in a middle division, so that we were comparatively private, and we assured each other that we should be quite comfortable, and that some of the passengers would soon get out.

Vain hope, as we shall see. At seven o'clock—the trains are never up to the time in Spain—we fairly set off, and were refreshed by the balmy breeze which came in through the open windows, for we had been nearly suffocated with heat, and felt quite sick from the heavy atmosphere which surrounded us, which was not surprising, as our companions were not addicted to soap and water, and were particularly partial to garlic, which many were eating raw.

Dick maintained a grim silence and read his paper. Certainly, the heat was intense. Station after station was passed, and no one moved, but fresh relays of passengers clamoured for seats.

"I hope you enjoy this," Dick at last said, sarcastically. We pretended not to hear.

It was now about eleven o'clock, and the bright moon illumined the landscape, which looked picturesque, though as yet there was no remarkable beauty about it. The carriage was now crammed with people, some of them of the lowest and most disreputable sort. I was beginning to feel very weary, but endeavoured not to let the others see it. At last the long night came to an end and morning dawned. And now the scenery was really beautiful, wooded hills and cascades streaming like silver threads from the mountain sides, while far behind dashed a foaming torrent. The sight of such scenery seemed for the time to draw our thoughts away from ourselves, and also we were buoyed up by the hope of arriving at about ten o'clock at our destination.

But ten o'clock came, and we were not near Santander, and the sun became glaringly hot, and shone in mercilessly through the uncurtained windows, which had seemed so pleasant in the night. We stopped on the road several times; no one knew why, there was no station. We asked the guards why we were detained. They shrugged their shoulders, and said, "No sabemos."

Suffice it to say that our journey came to an end at

last, and, after twenty-two hours—instead of fifteen—of intense misery, Santander was reached.

Dick immediately put us into the omnibus which was to convey us to the "fonda" (as we had not yet secured lodgings), and remained behind to see after luggage. Oh, the joy of finding oneself in a cool room, with delightful spring bed and snowy sheets, and then descending into a large, airy dining-room, whose open windows let in whiffs of sea air.

After dinner we strolled out on the sands and watched the white breakers dashing against the shore, and the setting sun's rays tinting the snowy tips of the distant mountains, and giving a crimson glow to the pine and fir woods which descended to the water's edge.

Next morning, after breakfast, we started off to look for lodgings. It was delightful walking through the meadows, under shady trees, gathering flowers, and listening to the birds singing among the branches. We found it exceedingly difficult to get anything suitable, every available lodging having been already secured, from the pretty chalet-like houses to the meanest cottage. I was amused at one lodging we were shown over, which was nothing more than a peasant's cottage, with just one little window which could not open.

We were very near giving up our search as hopeless, when we came up to a long, two-storeyed house, on which was written, in large letters, *Fonda de Miranda*. "Here is an inn," I said; "we can ask if there are any lodgings to be had near."

After ringing at the door-bell, a tall, bony woman, dressed in black, with her head tied in a black kerchief, appeared, and, in answer to our inquiries, informed us that the "fonda," formerly an inn, was now let as a lodging, and asked us if we would like to look over the house. On our replying in the affirmative, she led us round by an orchard to a side door, by which we entered. In the midst of not very pleasant odours we ascended a flight of stone steps, and found ourselves in a long corridor, with about eight rooms opening into it on either side. There was a large window at each end, opening into a small balcony. We chose two or three of the largest and airiest rooms, with balconies looking into the pretty orchard, while far beyond lay the glistening bay set in with mountains. It was a lovely view, and we liked the apartments, though they were very bare and primitive, but the beds seemed clean and good, and that was what we most cared about. The landlady consented to give the rooms a good cleaning, of which they stood in great need, and to have all ready by noon next day.

"But where is the dining-room?" I not unnaturally asked, as we were descending the stairs.

"The dining-room, señora? I will show it to you," replied our landlady, rather tartly. Accordingly she *did* show it to us, and *such* a dining-room! The windows opened into a sort of yard, full of rubbish of all sorts—fish's heads, rabbit-skins, and the like. Some benches and tables were all the furniture.

"We cannot dine here!" we all exclaimed in one voice. "It is impossible, señora; have you no better 'comedor' [dining-room]?"

Our landlady shrugged her shoulders, and looked very forbidding. "No, I have no other," she answered; "and usually the señoras who come are quite content with it. I have never had any complaint before; no, señor, but you 'Ingleses' are so hard to please! If you like, you can have your

meals in your rooms; to me it matters not," she added, turning her back on us rather rudely.

"But, señora, this matter must be settled," said my husband; "otherwise we cannot take these rooms."

"There is no help for that *now*, señor; they are taken, and a good bargain you have made of it, I can tell you. You won't find such rooms in the whole of Sardinero."

We saw the truth of what she said; there was no escape, and we must needs make the best of a bad bargain. So, after a few minutes' deliberation among ourselves, I suggested taking our meals in the corridor, near the open window, which, as the house had no other inmates, was quite feasible. Our landlady agreed to this proposal, and became somewhat more courteous, saying, as we went away, that she would have the rooms ready as desired.

Next evening found us installed in our new abode. Here for a time we forgot inconveniences and our disagreeable hostess in our pleasant rambles on the seashore, picking up shells, and bathing in the crystal pools, which were sheltered from intrusion by the gigantic rocks which encircled them.

After about a month of this quiet life, we were joined by some relations who had come to pass a few weeks with us at Sardinero, and whom we had assured that they would find perfect quiet and privacy with us.

But their advent seemed the herald of many other arrivals of a less desirable character. Our "fonda" was now infested with a tribe of visitors anything but agreeable in their ways. Such extraordinary relays of country folks arrived, with possessions of all sorts! poultry amongst other things, which they kept under their beds, ready to kill whenever wanted. "Oh, Dick!" I exclaimed one morning, as I came into our apartment after ordering dinner, "what disgusting people have taken the room opposite this! The man has just cut off a chicken's head and thrown it into the passage just where we have our dinner! What shall we do? I don't like to ask them to remove it."

"I will tell Pepita to do so at once," replied my husband. "But I say, Lucy, do try and have a better dinner for us; the meals are almost uneatable now; such horrid meat and bad soup; none of our people could manage it. I really think you might try and get something more tempting."

"Really, Dick," I said, half crying, "I don't know how to manage. Pepita declares that everything is bought up before she can get to the market. I don't know what to do."

In a somewhat desponding mood I went to the kitchen to speak to Pepita. I found her seated on a low chair with her hands before her, in a very bad temper, and on asking her what we should do about our dinner, she shrugged her shoulders and said, "I don't know, señora; arrange as you like; for me, I do my best; I can't do any better. I wish I had never come here! The landlady is always interfering with me and ill-treating me, and taking away my *pucheros*, and you can't expect me to cook the dinner when I have nothing to cook it in. There are my vegetables on the floor; I can't cook them, and don't know when dinner will be ready!"

Of course I had to go at once to Doña Concepción, our landlady, and speak to her. She informed me that some of our fellow-lodgers had taken away the *pucheros*; she knew nothing about it; I might ask them. I stifled some hot words that were upon my lips,

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and hurried off in search of the missing saucepans. I found them at last, and Pepita began sulkily to cook the dinner, which was ready about an hour later than usual. I saw by the way in which our handmaid served the meal, and the ominous manner in which she clattered the plates and slammed the doors, that she was thoroughly out of temper, and purposely refrained from reproving her, and prevented Dick from doing so, as I knew the poor girl really had a good deal to annoy her.

After dinner we all went to our respective rooms to take our usual siesta (a very needful refreshment in that hot weather), and I was comfortably reposing on my bed with an amusing book when the sound of angry voices roused me from the world of fiction to real life. Hastening to the corridor, I saw Pepita and Doña Concepcion engaged in a hand-to-hand fight! "Woman without conscience!" "Pig!" were the words that fell on my ears as I saw Pepita with flaming eyes make a dart at our gaunt landlady, while Doña Concepcion clutched hold of Pepita's long black tresses and dragged her to the ground by main force, returning her antagonist's compliments in tenfold measure.

It was a terrible scene; I was shaking with fright while trying to separate the infuriated combatants. At my call a party quickly assembled; and, after several fruitless attempts, Pepita was at last secured in the kitchen, while we stood with our backs to the door to prevent her exit, and our virago of a landlady was led back to her own part of the house screaming like a mad woman. After such a scene as this we all felt we could endure no longer the discomforts we were daily undergoing, and some of our party set out to look for lodgings elsewhere.

There were none to be had in Sardinero, and a long weary search was made in the neighbourhood before anything suitable could be found. At last, in a pretty mountain watering-place, called "Las Caldas," some miles from Santander, some rooms were secured in a moderate "fonda," and there we resolved to adjourn and spend the rest of our holiday in peace and quietness.

Forebodings.

WHEN clouds from the west come dark'ning the pole,
And the wind pipes low and wailing,
And the broad-winged heron comes landward again,
From the hurricane sullenly sailing;

Let your hearth blaze cheerily, heap up the logs
In a funeral-pile for sorrow;
The storm will be spent, not a cloud will dim
The smiling sun of the morrow.

The heart, like the heaven, is often o'ercast,
And omens, dark-winged, come warning,
The elements rage, night falls, and the soul
Doth wearily wait for the morning.

When presages gloomy and sad arise,
Look hopefully onward nor mind them,
For if coming events cast their shadows before
There must be some light behind them.

Varieties

HORSESHOE RIGHT AT OAKHAM.—A correspondent calls attention to Speed's account of this curious custom (see "Leisure Hour," October, 1877), in his "England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland," a gazetteer of the British Isles, published in 1666. The author, after gratefully acknowledging the assistance and information he had received from the Right Honourable John Lord Harington, *Baron of Exton* (inasmuch as the "draught" description "was done by himself [the baron] in his younger years"), goes on to say: "Near unto his" (the baron's) "house, *Burley*, standeth *Okam*, a fair Market Town, which Lordship the said Baron enjoyeth, with a Royalty somewhat extraordinary, which is this: If any Noble by birth come within the Precinct of the same Lordship, he shall forfeit as an homage a Shoee from the horse whereon he rideth, unless he redeem it at a price with money. In witness whereof there are many Horseshoes nailed upon the Shire-Hall door, some of large size and ancient fashion, others new and of our present Nobility, whose names are thereupon stamped as followeth:—Henry Hastings, Roger Rutland, Edward L. Russell, Earl of Bedford; Ralph L. Enwer of Parram, Henry L. Bertley, Henry L. Mordant, William L. Compton, Edward L. Dudley, Henry L. Winsor, George, Earl of Cumberland; Philip, Earl of Montgomery; L. Willoughby, P. L. Wharton, the Lord Shandois, besides many others without Names. That such homage was his due the said Lord himself told me, and at that instant a suit depended in Law against the *Earl of Lincoln*, who refused to forfeit the penalty, or to pay his fine." Speed further on remarks "that the Ferrars here first settled, besides the witness of Writers, the Horseshoe whose badge then [apparently, from the intervening context, *temp.* William I.] it was, doth witness, where in the Castle, and now the Shire-Hall, right over the seat of the Judge, a Horse shoee of Iron curiously wrought, containing five feet and a half in length, and the breadth thereto proportionably, is fixed." According to Burke's "Peerage," the Lord Harington mentioned above was probably the second Baron "Harington of Exton," on whose death without issue, in 1613, the barony expired, it having been conferred on his father in 1603. The information by Lord Harington was therefore, in all probability, given between 1603 and 1613.

THORNEY ISLAND.—In preparing the grave for the reception of the late Sir Gilbert Scott's remains, interred in Westminster Abbey last month, the red virgin sand of Thorney Island was laid bare, with the wave mark of the Thames plainly visible on it. It is said that this has hardly ever been observed before in the nave of the Abbey, where almost every foot of ground bears traces of the displacing of the soil by previous interments.

TRANSLATION OF AN EGYPTIAN CONTRACT OF MARRIAGE.—M. Eugène Revillout has translated a contract of marriage written in the demotic character upon a small sheet of papyrus, No. 2432, Cat. Egyptien, Musée du Louvre. It is dated in the month of *Xoiach*, year 33 of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and the contracting parties are Patma, son of Pchelkhons, and the lady, Ta-outem, the daughter of Rehu. The terms of the deed are extremely singular as to the amount of dowry required on both sides, together with the clauses providing for reputation. After the actual dowry is recited, the sums being specified in shekels and argenteus, the rights of the children which may hereafter come from the marriage, as well as the payment of the mother's pin-money, are secured by the following clause: "Thy pocket money for one year is besides thy toilet money which I give thee each year, and it is your right to exact the payment of thy toilet money, and thy pocket money, which are to be placed to my account, which I give thee. Thy eldest son, my eldest son, shall be the heir of all my property, present and future. I will establish thee as wife."

THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH ON WAR.—At the accession of her Majesty, Sydney Smith, Dean of St. Paul's, preached a sermon inspired by noble patriotism and truly Christian principles. At the present crisis the following extract therefrom is most opportune:—"A great object which I hope will be impressed upon the mind of this Royal Lady is a rooted horror of war, an earnest and passionate desire to keep her people in a state of profound peace. The greatest curse which can be entailed upon mankind is a state of war. All the atrocious crimes committed in years of peace, all that is spent in peace by the secret corruptions of

by the thoughtless extravagance of nations, are mere trifles compared with the gigantic evils which stalk over the world in a state of war. God is forgotten in war, every principle of Christian charity trampled upon, human labour destroyed, human industry extinguished; you see the son, and the husband, and the brother, dying miserably in distant lands; you see the waste of human affections, you see the breaking of human hearts, you hear the shrieks of widows and children after the battle, and you walk over the mangled bodies of the wounded calling for death. I would say to that royal child, worship God by loving peace; it is not your humanity to pity a beggar by giving him food or raiment. I can do that; that is the charity of the humble and the unknown; widen your heart for the more expanded miseries of mankind; pity the mothers of the peasantry who see their sons torn away from their families; pity your poor subjects crowded into hospitals, and calling, in their last breath, upon their distant country and their young Queen; pity the stupid, frantic folly of human beings who are always ready to tear each other to pieces and to deluge the earth with each other's blood. This is *your* extended humanity, and this is the great field of your compassion. Extinguish in your heart the fiendish love of military glory, from which your sex does not necessarily exempt you, and to which the wickedness of flatterers may urge you. Say, upon your death-bed, 'I have made few orphans in my reign; I have made few widows, my object has been peace. I have used all the might of my character, and all the power of my situation, to check the insatiable passions of mankind, and to turn them to the arts of honest industry. This has been the Christianity of my throne, and this the gospel of my sceptre; in this way I have striven to worship my Redeemer and my Judge.'—*Works of Rev. Sydney Smith*, vol. iii. p. 299.

LUNACY.—The state of things revealed by the annual report of the Commissioners in Lunacy is by no means satisfactory. On the 1st of January the registered number of "lunatics, idiots, and persons of unsound mind" in England and Wales was 66,636, the females being about six thousand in excess of the males. The private patients amounted to about one-ninth of the whole, the remainder being pauper lunatics. This not only gives an increase in the total number of lunatics—since 1859 the number has been augmented by 29,874 cases—but it also shows a marked increase when compared with the population of the country. In the year 1859 the number of lunatics was about 18 in every 10,000; the number is now more than 27. We boast ourselves, however, as being more rational and humane than were our fathers in the treatment of the insane. We no longer half-drown them; or frighten them to death, by placing them in wells where the water gradually rises; we do not chain them to the walls of their cell, and make an exhibition of them, as has been done within the memory of man; we do not, save in cases of exceptional violence, torture them with strait waistcoats, as was done in the case of no less exalted a personage than his Majesty George III; but, for all that, our benevolent and rational system appears to be equally powerless to effect a cure. During the last eighteen years the proportion of recoveries has been about one in three; and the recoveries during the last few years show no advance upon this rate. In 1872, omitting the decimal figures, 35 per cent. recovered, the next year the number had fallen to 32, it then rose again to 36, to fall again, next year, to 34, and last year it had risen to 35. In other words, the chances of recovery are one to two. Whatever may be the cause, three facts seem certain; the number of lunatics has almost doubled within the last twenty years; the number, as compared with the population, steadily increases; and the proportion of recoveries, while slightly fluctuating, does not suggest much improvement in the treatment which followed upon the exposure of the atrocious cruelties in Bethlehem Hospital in 1815.—*Graham's Temperance Guide*.

CARRIER PIGEON.—An exciting race once took place from Dover to London between the Continental mail express train and a carrier pigeon conveying a document of an urgent nature for the French police. The rails, carriages, and engine of the express train were, as might be expected, of the best possible construction for power and speed. The pigeon, which was bred by Messrs. Hartley and Sons, of Woolwich, and "homed" when a few weeks old to a building in Cannon Street, City, was also of the best breed of homing pigeons, known as "Belgian voyageurs." The bird was tossed through the railway carriage window, by a French official, as the train moved from the Admiralty Pier, the wind being west and the atmosphere hazy, but with the sun shining. For upwards of a minute the carrier pigeon circled round to an altitude of about half a mile, and then sailed away towards London. By this time the train

which carried the European mails, and was timed not to stop between Dover and Cannon Street, had got up to full speed, and was journeying at the rate of sixty miles an hour towards London. The odds at starting seemed against the bird, and the railway officials, justly proud and confident in the strength of their iron horse, predicted the little aerial messenger would fail; but the race was not to the strong. The carrier pigeon, as soon as it ascertained its bearings, took the nearest route in a direction midway between Maidstone and Sittingbourne, the distance, as the crow flies, between Dover and London being seventy miles, and by rail seventy-six and a half miles. As the Continental Mail Express came puffing into Cannon Street Station the pigeon had been home twenty minutes, having beaten the train by a time representing eighteen miles.

BANK OF ENGLAND NOTE PAPER.—Paper like that used by the Bank of England cannot be "ordered at the mills." Since the existence of the Bank of England, the paper for its notes has been made by the Portal family, whose ancestor came over from Bordeaux in a barrel after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, bringing with him the art of making fine paper, which, like those of silk weaving and dyeing scarlet, was, up to that time, unknown in England. Except by burglary, against which precautions are taken, it is absolutely impossible to obtain a scrap of the beautifully water-marked paper produced at that mill on the Test, which gruff William Cobbett denounced as the foundation of England's "fictitious prosperity." Every piece of paper is registered before it is removed from the frame, an account is kept by a locked dial, and every damaged note is accounted for before being ground up again into pulp.—*Iron*.

A RELIC OF OLD HAMPSHIRE.—A correspondent reports the recent disappearance of a once celebrated fountain in the Conduit Fields. Some seventy or eighty years ago Lord Loughborough, afterwards Earl of Rosslyn, resided at Hampstead. In the fields, only a few yards to the west of his lordship's house, was this small fountain, which welled out of the sandy soil and supplied most of the inhabitants of Hampstead with pure and clear water down to a very recent date. Indeed, only a quarter of a century ago the water from this fountain was offered in glasses to the passer-by for a penny or a halfpenny. The conduit and the spring are now all but wholly dry; yet at Hampstead it is not forgotten how Lord Loughborough once endeavoured to stop up the footpath which led to it from the High Street, or how, although he sat upon the woolpack at the time, he was forced to concede the point which he had raised, and to leave the conduit stream open to all comers. The site of this old fountain will form part of a new roadway leading up from Belsize Park in the direction of the Green Hill.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK AND ROBERT THE BRUCE.—When the statue of King Robert the Bruce was lately erected at Stirling, a letter appeared in the "Times" from Mr. George Cruikshank, bitterly complaining that his model for the statue had not been followed. He had carefully studied the records of the times, and consulted with Mr. Planché and other authorities on costume, and his model represented Bruce in chain armour, instead of the strange tunic and other anachronisms of the statue. Mr. Cruikshank's model must have been made by the order of some unauthorised person, for the following letter afterwards appeared in the Scottish papers:—"My attention has just been called to a letter in the 'Times,' from Mr. George Cruikshank, claiming the authorship of the model for the Bruce monument lately erected at Stirling with so much satisfaction to the committee of management and the public at large, as well as with so much honour to myself. My reply to the misleading strictures of Mr. Cruikshank is simply that my figure of the Bruce, as rendered by me in the statue at Stirling, was made by me nineteen years ago, and I am indebted to neither Mr. Cruikshank nor any other artist for my conception of the figure. The design is entirely and solely my own.—ANDREW CURRIE."

ENCOURAGEMENT TO LITERARY WORK UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—The English Dictionary was written with very little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, nor under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow.—*Dr. Johnson*.

OUT OF OFFICE.—Saadi, the poet and philosopher of Persia, was asked why he did not go to congratulate a friend who had been elevated to an important post, and who was resorted to by all the citizens of Schiraz: "These people crowd around him merely on account of his dignity; but I shall go when his office has expired, and then I am sure I shall go alone."

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